A POWER COMIC

INSIDE: THE INCREDIBLE HULK INCREDIBLY CAPTURED!

SMASH!

No.57
4th MAR.1967
EVERY MONDAY
7d

BATMAN

With ROBIN The Boy Wonder

ROBIN ATTEMPTS TO FOIL A ROBBERY ALONE—WHILE BATMAN IS DATING THAT FAB. FEMALE FELON, POISON IVY!

I ;GASP!; FOILED THE ;PUFF!; ROBBERY... BUT I COULDN'T QUITE ;WHEEZE!; CAPTURE THEM! MUST GET BACK—SEE IF BATMAN HAS RETURNED!

THE FAMILY ROLLS MAY NOT BE AS GLAMOROUS AS THE BATMOBILE, MASTER ROBIN, BUT IT WILL GET US TO THE SCENE OF THE ROBBERY!

IF ONLY BATMAN HAD BEEN BACK I'D HAVE BEEN SURE OF STOPPING THOSE CROOKS' GETAWAY!

JUST REMEMBER TO STAY WITHIN THE LEGAL SPEED LIMIT, ALFRED!

BOB KANE

I ALWAYS OBSERVE THE LAW, YOUNG SIR!

WE'D LOOK SILLY GETTING A TICKET AT A TIME LIKE THIS!

QUITE!

THERE THEY ARE, ALFRED! LET ME HANDLE THE CROOKS!

IT IS MOST KIND OF YOU TO THINK OF MY SAFETY, MASTER ROBIN, BUT--

--I HAVE BEEN BRUSHING UP ON MY JUDO AND KARATE LATELY, AND--

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--I RATHER FANCY I SHALL GIVE A GOOD ACCOUNT OF MYSELF!

GOOD FOR YOU, ALFRED!

IT'S ROBIN—BACK WITH SOME SKINNY GUY!

BOP!

KRUNCH!

MEANWHILE...

WHY ARE WE STOPPING HERE, BATMAN DEAR?

I JUST WANT TO CHECK ON SOME FRIENDS!

FOLLOW BATMAN OVER THE PAGE, FANS!

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—AND THEY SEEM TO BE DOING PRETTY WELL *WITHOUT* ME!

I BELIEVE *THIS* IS THE *LAST!*

OOF!

NOW I CAN TAKE YOU TO THE OPENING PARTY AT THE NEW BATMAN HILTON WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE!

YOU'RE *ALL HEART,* BATMAN!

BEWARE OF THOSE WITCHING WORDS, BATMAN!

WASHED, POLISHED, ATOMIC-POWER AT PEAK LEVEL, PURSUIT-AND-EVASION EQUIPMENT CHECKED OUT, ALL OTHER SYSTEMS AT "*GO*", SIR!

THANK YOU, ALFRED!

SEEMS LIKE A LOT OF *TROUBLE* JUST TO GO TO A *PARTY!*

NOT AT *ALL,* CHUM!

IT'S BEST TO BE *READY* FOR TROUBLE AT *ALL* TIMES!

OF COURSE!

WHILE BATMAN, ROBIN AND POISON IVY ARE ON THEIR WAY IN THE BATMOBILE, THE WORLD'S PRETTIEST CROOKS ARRIVE AT THE BATMAN HILTON— SHORTLY BEFORE THE TIME SET FOR THE *SUPER GALA GRAND OPENING...*

NOW *THAT'S* WHAT I CALL A *WILD PAD!*

MORE LIKE A *GIANT JACKPOT--* FOR *US!* COME ON!

IN THE FEMALE EMPLOYEES' LOCKER ROOM, THREE *ROBINETTES* DRESS FOR THE EVENING'S WORK...

HI, KIDS! MR. HILTON WANTS YOU ALL TO WEAR THIS SAME *PERFUME* TONIGHT!

ISN'T THAT *NICE* OF HIM!

SMELL IT!

IT--IT'S *GAS!*

I--I'M GOING TO *SLEEP...*

NOW! INTO THEIR *COSTUMES--* AND WE'LL HIDE THE *REAL ROBINETTES* IN THEIR *LOCKERS!*

WHAT *FUN!*

DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S BAT-VENTURE— IT'S A GAS!!

Percy's Pets

IT'S BATH-NIGHT FOR BLACKIE, MY PET BLACKBIRD! NO WONDER THEY'RE CALLED **BLACK**BIRDS— THEY ALL **HATE** BATHS!

PERCY'S DEAD RIGHT— AND I'M NOT GOING INTO THAT BATH TONIGHT OR **ANY OTHER** NIGHT!

YAH! YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME, PERCY!

GRRR! HE'S TOO LAZY TO **WASH** AND TOO LAZY TO **FLY**! JUST LOOK AT HIM!

SMASH IS SHARPER

HELP! IT'S OUT OF CONTROL! **AAGH!**

SERVES HIM RIGHT! THE ELASTIC HAS RUN DOWN! **NOW** I'LL GET HIM!

IN YOU GO, BLACKIE!

G-GULP! I'M ALL IN A SPIN!

AAGH! IT'S SPUN ALL THE WATER OUT! **GLUG!**

HO! HO! HOW'S THAT FOR A SPLASH LANDING? HARD LINES, PERCY! BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME!

GRR! GRR!

AND SO...

WANTED BLACKIE BLACKBIRD ONE LOLLIPOP REWARD

COO! A WHOLE LOLLIPOP! SLURP! SLURP!

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

HELP! ROTTEN OLD PERCY! CHEAT! CHEAT!

HEH! HEH! I'D DO **ANYTHING** FOR A LOLLIPOP!

AAGH! TRAITORS! THEY'RE ALL OUT TO GET ME!

STOP AND BE CLOBBERED!

BAH! MISSED HIM!

WAA-AAH!

ENEMY TARGET! 20 O'CLOCK HIGH! **FIRE!**

SPIDER MICHAEL GUN POST

RA-TA TAT TAT!

A BLOKE COULD GET KILLED LIKE THIS! GULP! GULP!

I SURRENDER! I GIVE UP! SAVE ME!

WHAT A BLOKE! TURNING YOUR OWN FRIENDS AGAINST YOU! GRR! GRR!

MEANWHILE...

HEH! HEH! GOOD OL' PERCY! HE KNOWS WHAT'S GOOD FOR HIS PETS! SLURP! SLURP!

BAD PENNY

ONE PENNY 1967

THE FEARLESS LION HUNTER STALKS HER PREY!

OH, NO!

DAD!— PENNY'S GOT YOUR OLD SHOTGUN!

UH?— OH, SHE CAN'T DO ANY HARM— THERE'S NO BUCKSHOT FOR IT. LET'S HAVE DINNER!

DAD! THE SCOTCH BROTH! — IT'S GONE!

I.O.U. A LOAD OF BROTH DAD!

HEH! HEH!— WHO NEEDS BUCK-SHOT? — I'VE GOT BROTH SHOT! FIRE!

CAN'T DO ANY HARM, EH?

SPLUT!

DAILY BLAH

BIG HAUL

HERE COMES DAD! I'D BETTER GET READY!

GURP! WHERE IS SHE—?

HEH! HEH! NOW IT'S A BRAH-GUN!

EEK! SHE'S GOT ME AGAIN!

LATER...

THIS WEIGHING MACHINE'S HAD IT — I'LL HAVE TO BREAK IT UP!

WEIGHING MACHINE FACTORY

THAT'S INTERESTIN'!

OH, OH! LOOK OUT, DAD! PENNY'S AT IT AGAIN...

FIRE!

OH, NO!

TEE! HEE! NOW IT'S A MACHINE-GUN — FULL OF BITS OF WEIGHING-MACHINE!

PING!

BOING!

TIME I STOPPED FOR A THINK!

TITTER!

WHAT A HOOF! DAD DOESN'T HAVE ANYTHING TO THINK WITH!

PLASTICINE TARGET

DAD

WHOLESALE FRUIT & VEG. MERCHANTS 26

THE METAL NUMBERS ON OUR SIGN OUTSIDE ARE LOOSE. PUT IN NEW SCREWS TOMORROW

POTATOES

CARROTS

RADISHES

26

HEH! HEH! I'VE PUT RADISHES IN MY GUN — NOW IT'LL BE A REPEATER!

CARROTS

RADISHES

ESALE & VEG. HANTS 26

HERE COMES DAD AGAIN — HE'S A SUCKER FOR PUNISHMENT!

CARROTS

RADISHES

LESALE T & VEG. CHANTS 26

WHO'S GOT NO BRAINS? I'M NOT SOUND THE SEND — BUT THOSE RADISHES ARE! — SNIGGER!

CARROTS

RADISHES

— SEE WHAT I MEAN —?

?!

CARROTS

SALE VEG. ANTS 26

— SHE HASN'T NOTICED I'M AIMING AT THAT LOOSE NUMBER UP THERE!

CARROTS

WA-AAH!

HEH! HEH! I GOT PENNY WITH MY SIX-SHOOTER!

POTATOES

CARROTS

BACK HOME —

RECKON THIS IS THE BEST AMMO OF THE LOT!

IT'S THE RUBBER MAN!

MEMORY CORNER. RUBBERMAN HAS RETURNED TO THE CIRCUS OF DOOM TO RESCUE TRAPEZE STAR ALONZO AND THE FAKIR WHO HE THINKS CAN MAKE HIM A NORMAL MAN. BUT THE EVIL COUNT ARENA TRAPS ALL THREE MEN WITH AN ENRAGED GORILLA!

COUNT ARENA WATCHES WITH JOYFUL ANTICIPATION AS THE GORILLA ADVANCES...

LOOK... LOOK AT THE SIZE OF IT, RUBBERMAN! IT WILL TEAR US TO PIECES!

WHAT DO YOU DO NOW? EH, RUBBERMAN?

RUBBERMAN'S OUTSTRETCHED ARM HALTS THE DESCENDING CAGE DOOR...

WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO? WE'LL NEVER GET PAST THAT THING!

MAYBE YOU WILL! GET READY! AND WHEN I TELL YOU TO — MOVE FAST!

THEN...

NOW, ALONZO! RUN FOR IT!

GURRAHH!

"IT'S ONE THING PINNING THIS BIG APE'S ARMS TO HIS SIDES. BUT I WANT OUT FROM HERE, TOO!

MAYBE THIS WILL SLOW YOU DOWN A BIT! JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO REMOVE MYSELF!

THEY'RE ESCAPING! HURRY, YOU FOOL! SHOOT THEM DOWN!

IT'S NO USE, RUBBERMAN! WE'RE AN OPEN TARGET!

KEEP GOING, ALONZO! I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU — ALL THE WAY!

THE GUNMAN'S SHOT GOES WIDE...

UUUUUUHHH!

UUUGH!

OOOFFF!

CAN'T YOU HOODLUMS TAKE A HINT? WE DON'T WANT YOU TAGGING ALONG THIS TIME!

THE THREE FUGITIVES COME TO THE END OF THE CAGE-WALK...

ARENA CIRCUS

UGH! WHAT A COLLECTION!! WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE HERE IF THIS LOT GOT LOOSE!

AND WE'RE NOT STAYING HERE! COME ON! WE'LL SEE WHAT'S THROUGH THAT DOOR OVER THERE!

A FAIRGROUND!

BUT I HAVE THE FEELING WE'RE NOT ABOUT TO HAVE FUN!

A LOUDSPEAKER CRACKLES...

I EXPECT YOU ARE SURPRISED, EH? BUT WHY SHOULD YOU BE? WOULD ANY CIRCUS BE COMPLETE WITHOUT ITS AMUSEMENT PARK?

COUNT ARENA! HE MUST BE WATCHING US FROM SOMEWHERE!

THE COUNT REACHES FOR A LEVER...

YES, THIS PARK IS BUILT FOR AMUSEMENT! MY AMUSEMENT! LET ME ENLIGHTEN YOU!

SUDDENLY, LIGHTS BLAZE, MUSIC BLARES, MACHINERY HUMS...

?

FOR YOU THERE WILL BE NO CHARGE! BE MY GUESTS!

RUBBERMAN! IT'S ALL COMING TO LIFE!

A MOMENT LATER...

WE'LL NEVER... AAAAAHHHH!

AN AIR JET! IT'S GOING TO BLOW HIM ON TO THOSE KNIFE POINTS!

THESE POLES! THEY'RE ELECTRIFIED!

I KNOW MY ROUNDABOUT WON'T SHOCK YOU, RUBBERMAN! BUT THERE ARE OTHER ATTRACTIONS—AGAINST WHICH YOU WILL NOT BE INSULATED!

M-MUST GET AWAY!

ONCE AGAIN, RUBBERMAN SAVES THE TERRIFIED INDIAN'S LIFE..

I'VE TOLD YOU BEFORE! STAY CLOSE TO ME! TRY TO KEEP YOUR HEAD!

RUBBERMAN! THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US AGAIN! WE MUST TAKE COVER!

SO! YOU'VE DECIDED TO TRY THE GHOST TRAIN, RUBBERMAN! I WARN YOU! BE VERY, VERY CAREFUL—OR YOU THREE WILL BECOME THE GHOSTS!

GHOST TRAIN

DARE YOU RIDE INTO THE UNKNOWN WITH RUBBERMAN? IF YOU HAVEN'T THE NERVE, SKIP THESE PAGES NEXT WEEK!

BE A SMASHER AND WRITE TO SMASH!— 64, Long Acre, London W.C.2

you'll win £1 if your letter is printed!

Dear Alf and Cos,

In the Legend Testers, when Rollo and Danny want to test an article from the museum to see if it's genuine, they go into the time chamber. If it is, they go back in time. But what happens if it isn't genuine? Do they still go back or remain in the time chamber? I would also like to know, how do they know the origin of each article to test its legend?

Miss V. Loftus,
Highgate, Birmingham 6.

Well this is the way it works, Miss Loftus. When Rollo and Danny step into the time chamber with an article which has a legend connected with it they are carried back in time only if there is truth in the legend. If the legend is false, they stay right there in the time chamber in their own century. More often then not the articles they set out to test are shown to be not genuine. But of course we don't tell these stories—for the very good reason that since nothing happens there's no story to tell! How do they know the origin of each article to test its legend? Well, legends are handed down to us from way back and nobody knows whether they are true or false. That's why the Fortieth Century Central Knowledge Museum employs people like Rollo and Danny.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

Your comic is fab, but do you think we could have something for girls in it. I don't mean something cissy like "Ballet" or dancing, but a sort of "Twin" to Bad Penny. Girls like SMASH too. But it's all stuff for boys. I'm sure lots of girls agree with me. So please, please, please let's have another girl in SMASH. I mean, look at it this way, 10 boy stories and 1 girl. I'm not complaining. SMASH is the best comic I've ever read and Bad Penny is great.

Marion Sheehan,
Barkingside, Essex.

What can we do, Marion? If we put a new feature in, we'd have to take one of the present features out to make room. And if we did that there'd be a howl of protest that would make a "Rolling Stones" audience sound as quiet as a tea-party for maiden aunts! But be fair. What about that thwarted romance between Betty Ross and Bruce Banner? We always felt that that was something our fem fans would appreciate. No?

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I must admit that I thought that Batman and Robin were one of the best features in the comic until you insulted the English by putting in that English type Batman and Robin. Surely if there was an English Dynamic Duo they would never be as bad as you make out. A short fat Robin and a long streaky lean looking Batman. England and the Queen forever, but apart from that Smash is the greatest comic in the whole wide world.

Heather Lloyd,
Bagillt, Flintshire.

P.S.—Are Alf and Cos English or American?

If this doesn't once and for all destroy the delusion that girls don't read SMASH then we don't know what will! If our arithmetic is correct that's three letters from girl readers that have come out of the pile one after the other. We didn't pick them out specially—that's just the way they came! And are we thankful, Heather! Because it gives us something to talk about instead of having to admit that we didn't exactly find the English-style Dynamic Duo our favourite characters either.

P.S.—We're not American—we're big "E" English types.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Smash,

I have got Smash from number 10. I disagree with the boy who said cut out the funnies. I think Smash would not be very good without Swots and Blots, Percy's Pets, The Nervs, etc. (not that I don't like the Hulk, Rubberman and Batman). When I get Smash, the first thing I do is turn to the Hulk. I hope this will be printed because it is my second time.

Robert Gill,
Padstow, Cornwall.

We also tried to get Smash from No. 10, Robert. But when we knocked on the door someone named Harold Wilson answered and said he was still reading it.

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

I've been reading Smash now ever since it came out. One of the best stories that has been in it is Brian's Brain. It's wonderful, exciting and very interesting. I think it is a lot better than Batman. It hasn't been in now for a long time, and I think it's about time you put it back in, in place of Batman.

My other favourite stories in Smash are: (1) The Hulk; (2) Bad Penny; (3) Swots and Blots; (4) Ronnie Rich; (5) Percy's Pets; (6) The Nervs; (7) Charlie's Choice; (8) Rubberman; (9) Danger Mouse and (10) Grimly Feendish.

Colin Campbell,
Monk Bretton, Yorks.

P.S.—I know this letter won't get printed. I'm unlucky.

Ah, yes!—B's B was a favourite one of ours, too! Remember when Brian's master-mind took control of that gorilla? They were the days! We'll bring him back one day, Colin. The only problem is, what do we leave out?

Alf and Cos.

Dear All and Cos,

After reading so many mags (Brand X that is) I have come to the conclusion that *Smash* is the "greatest" weekly mag of the *mod age*. I think that the strips of the *Hulk* and *Batman* are GO-GO-GO! (FAB, etc.) But I would like to see less *comedy strips* and *more ACTION* like POW!, ZOWIE!, CRUNCH! type adventures (DIG??) if possible from the golden age . . . *CAPTAIN MARVEL* OR *SUPERMAN!*

YOURS TILL THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR TURNS TO EGG FOO?? (HOW ABOUT THAT!)

Mick Wilson,
Hull, Yorks.

Mick—we wish everyone was as easy to please as you. Because what has appeared in our mags so far would pass for a lullaby compared with the cataclysmic happenings which are yet to be. All we need are readers with nerves strong enough to stand up to what's in store! But at least we've made a start—because we've found at least one. That's you!

Alf and Cos.

Dear Alf and Cos,

May I thoroughly congratulate you on the great new-style Hulk series. I have long been a frantic follower of old Green Skin and hope he will remain in this smashing comic for ever.

The only complaint I have is that Rubberman and the Legend Testers are not long enough. They should at least be lengthened by two pages.

By the way, I can't wait until the new comic POW! is on sale. If it's as good as Smash it will be a real knockout.

Lastly, I hope I have this letter printed as I have never been fortunate enough to have one printed before.

Peter Bottomley,
Morecambe, Lancs.

Pete—when we get letters like yours it all becomes worthwhile. And although we like to laugh at ourselves we honestly believe that the Hulk is the greatest picture-story series that has ever appeared in any comic. And in case anyone thinks we're prejudiced, we didn't write it—but we wish we had!

Alf and Cos.

Most of you love SMASH!, but if you want to love it MORE—just fill in the form and send it in with your letter. We'll take note of what you say, and you'll finish up with 28 pages of pure bliss!

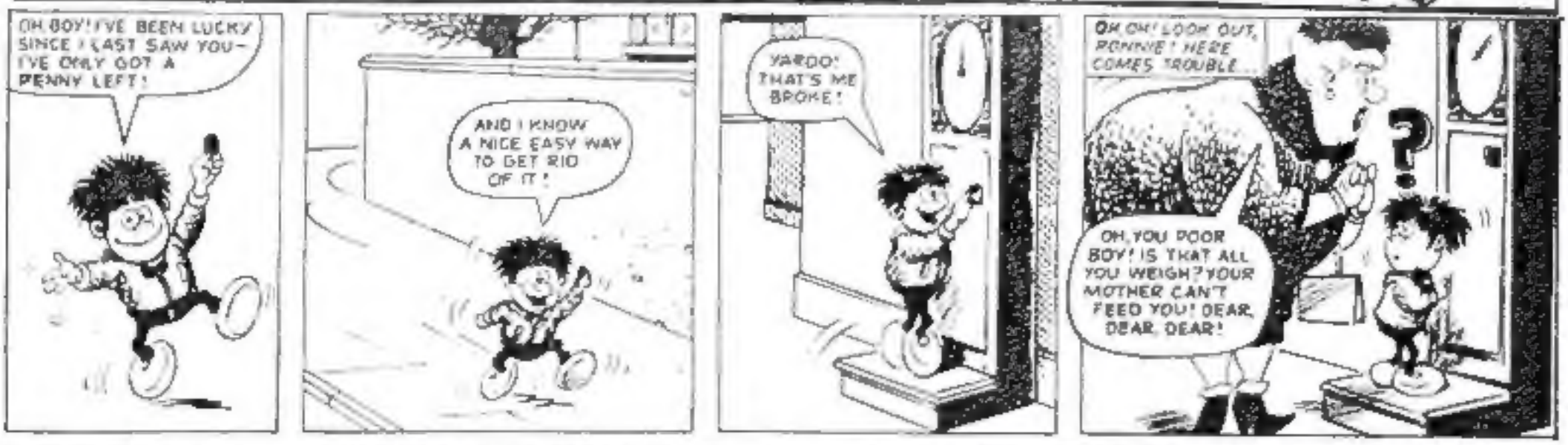
My favourite feature in SMASH! is:

The feature I don't like is:

To: SMASH, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

HE'LL INHERIT A MILLION—*IF* HE CAN SPEND THE MONEY HE'S GOT...

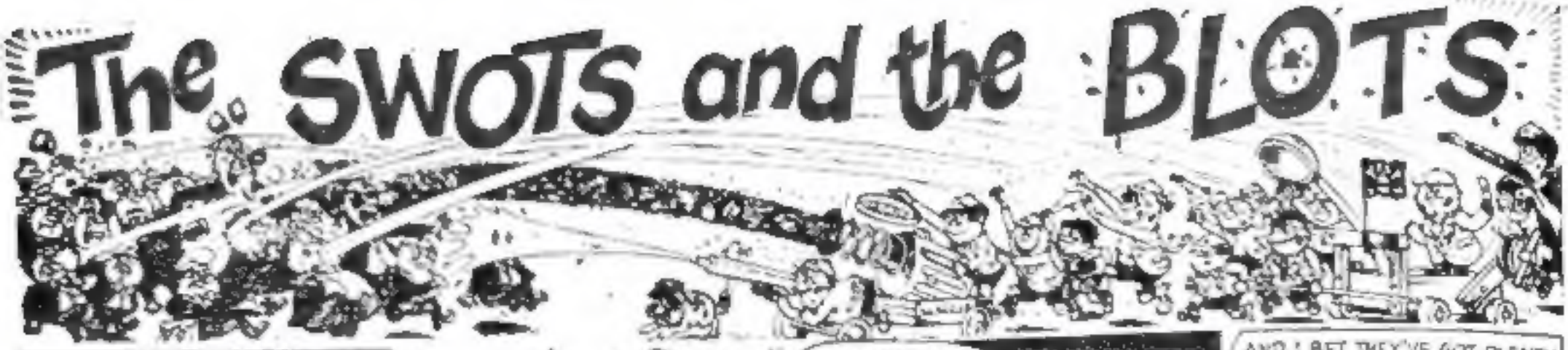
RONNIE RICH

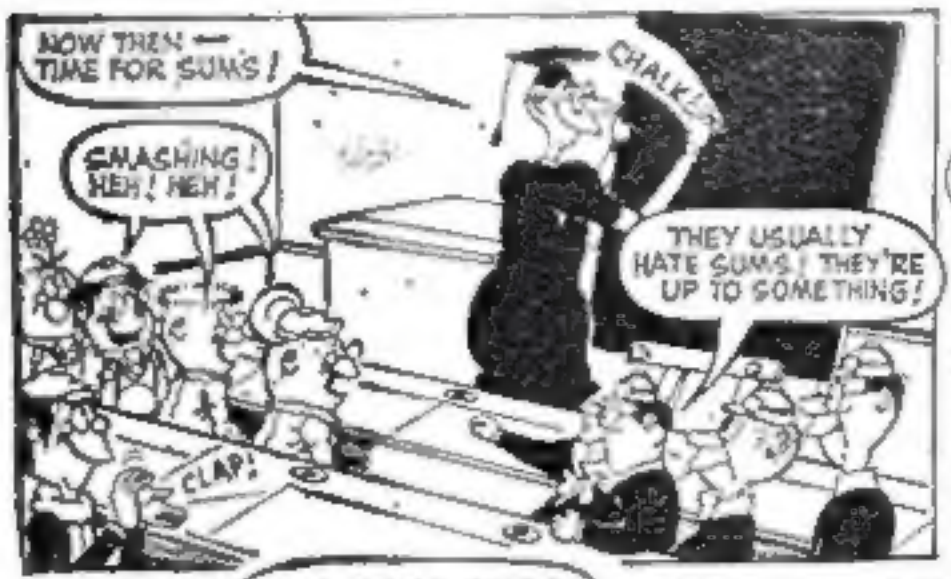

OH BOY! I'VE BEEN LUCKY SINCE I LAST SAW YOU— I'VE ONLY GOT A PENNY LEFT!
AND I KNOW A NICE EASY WAY TO GET RID OF IT!
YARDO! THAT'S ME BROKE!
OH OH! LOOK OUT, RONNIE! HERE COMES TROUBLE...
OH, YOU POOR BOY! IS THAT ALL YOU WEIGH? YOUR MOTHER CAN'T FEED YOU! DEAR, DEAR, DEAR!

COME HOME WITH ME, MY POOR BOY, AND I'LL GIVE YOU A GOOD MEAL!
B-BUT!
AND SO...
HUH? I'LL NEVER EAT THAT LOT!
OF COURSE YOU CAN! TUCK IN!
IF I EAT ALL THIS I'LL BURST! THEN I WON'T BE ABLE TO INHERIT MY MILLION QUID!
I'LL START BY GETTING RID OF THAT!

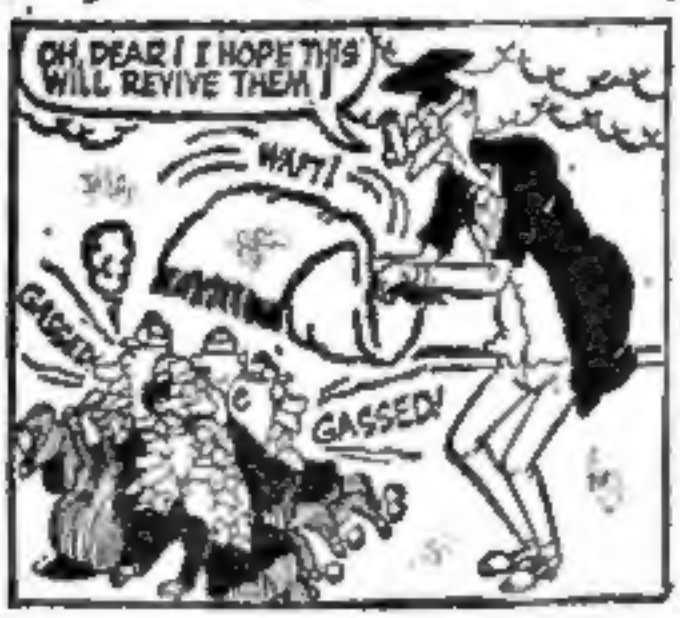
OOPS! I SPOKE TOO SOON! HEH! HEH!
AND I THOUGHT THIS WAS A CRUEL, CRUEL WORLD! SOME GOOD SAMARITAN HAS CHANGED MY MIND!
MINUTES LATER...
MY BOY! YOU'VE MADE ME SEE THE REST OF THE WORLD DIFFERENTLY —PRAY ACCEPT THIS CHEQUE! I'M A HAPPY MAN TODAY!
OH, NO!
BAH! WON'T I EVER HAVE ANY LUCK? THAT SO-CALLED TRAMP WAS *SIR FRANCIS LODE*, THE ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE MISER!
£1,000

The SWOTS and the BLOTS





AAGH! GASP! THEY'VE GOT ME!
FIZZ!
GRRR! THEY HAD A STINK BOMB FIXED TO THE END OF SIR'S CHALK!
QUITE BRILLIANT, THOUGH I SAY IT MYSELF!



HORRIBLE WET SMELL

SMELL! I'VE FEED SHOTS SNIGGER

SNAGGING! IT'S NEARLY DINNER TIME

BE DOUBLE PLANS FOR US BLOTS - WE SHOTS WON'T BE COMING IF I SEEM THAT HESITANT!

GRRR I KNEW IT YOU LOT AGAIN!

JERK!

GUESS WHERE THE REST OF THIS WENT SNIGGER

INSTANT GLUE

AAGH! WE'RE STUCK IT MUST'VE BEEN THOSE ROTTEN LITTLE BLOTS

HELP! HELP! THEY'VE STUCK US TO THE RADIATOR WE CAN'T GET UP

OH, NO!

INNOCENCE

HMM... INSTANT GLUE! THAT GIVES ME AN INSTANT BRILLIANT IDEA

THE DEVIL IN HIM.

HELP! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

UGH!

ER

AAGH

OUCH!

?

SQUIRT!

BULL'S EYE SNIGGER!

RUSH-H!

AAGH! ROTTEN OLD TEACH! WE CAN'T GET OUR MASKS OFF!

THE GLUE'S STUCK THE BUCKLES! WE CAN'T UNDO THEM!

OH DEAR, WHAT A PITY! SNIGGER!

HO NO BRAVO SIR! NOW WE'VE GOT DOUBLE HELPINGS!

GOOD OLD SIR!

THE BLOTS CAN'T GET AT THEIR WOLTHS! HEH HEH!

GOBBLE!

JAB-B!

EAT UP CHAPS, THERE'S DOUBLE HELPINGS OF PUD AFTERWARDS!

STRETCH!

I'M DYING OF STARVATION! GASP!

ROTTEN OLD TEACHER! WHAT A STINKER!

BANG!

BFF!

THUD!

WAA-AAH! I CAN'T GET AT IT! BOO-HOO!

THE INCREDIBLE HULK!

"BACK FROM THE DEAD!"

FLEEING FROM BLOODTHIRSTY BANDITS BRUCE BANNER AND MAJOR GLEN TALBOT FALL FROM A HIGH CLIFF IN EASTERN MONGOLIA PLUNGING TOWARDS CERTAIN DOOM BUT THE SHOCK OF THE FALL CAUSES THE DESPERATE BANNER TO UNDERGO THE MOST SPECTACULAR CHANGE EVER RECORDED AS HE ONCE AGAIN BECOMES THE *HULK!*

DIRECTLY ABOVE THE SPOT WHERE THE HULK HAS FOUND A HANDHOLD FOR HIS HEAVY BURDEN A FAR DISTANT FIGURE LOOMS DARKLY AGAINST THE BLOODSHOT SKY AS HE WALKS TO AND FRO AT THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF

UHHHH

THIS IS THE AMERICAN RECONNAISSANCE OFFICER SOON AWARE THAT A SPLIT SECOND LATER THE MOST POWERFUL MORTAL MAN ON EARTH REACHES OUT WITH A PAIR OF STEEL

MAN FALLING HULK WILL CATCH

UNCOMPREHENDINGLY THE BALEFUL EYES STUDY GLEN TALBOT THE ADDLED BRAIN TRYING VAINLY TO REMEMBER WHO HE IS OR WHY THEY'RE HERE

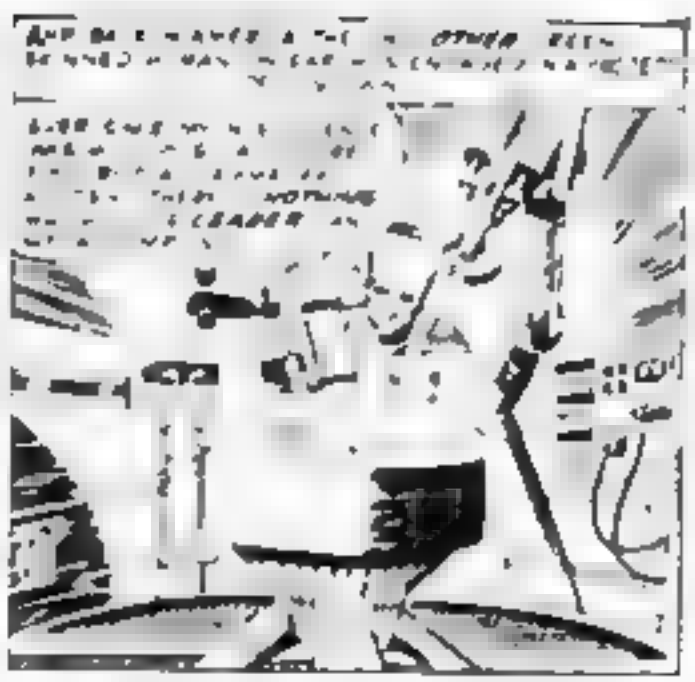
SPEAK! SPEAK TO HULK

BUT RECEIVING NO REPLY THE GREEN SKINNED GOLIATH TURNS SAVAGELY AWAY

MUST GO! RETURN HOME

LIKE A PROJECTILE FIRED INTO THE AIR THE HULK'S MIGHTY SEVEN MUSCLES PROPEL HIM UPWARD HIGH OVER THE NEAREST PEAK

HOME MUST GO HOME!



BE IT BANNER'S GREATEST INVENTION
THE ABSORBATRON. I'LL STAND
AND FIGHT AS A MAN AND PLEAD
FOR MY RIGHT TO STEAL IT, DESPITE ANY-
THING ANYONE CAN DO

I HAVE DECIDED MY ARMIES OF BLU MARAUDERS
TO THE SIDE OF THE CELLS. THEY SHALL
UNDER MY WILL SLEEP BUT THEY SHALL NOT
REMAIN SO

ON EARTH AND THEN ON
ASTRA BLU AT A RADIO-
ACTIVE WORLD
FROM WHICH I WILL SHOW
THE LEADER SKIES TAKING
OVER THE WORLD WITH
EASE!
THEN I, THE LEADER,
SHALL TAKE POSSESSION
OF THE ABSORBA-RON.
THE ONLY OBJECT ON
EARTH THAT CAN MAKE
AN INVINCIBLE

MEANWHILE THE HULK REACHES A HIDDEN BASE
IN THE GREAT SOUTHWEST. THE BASE HOLDS THE
SMALL PART OF HIM THAT IS STILL BRUCE BANNER
WANTS TO RETURN TO
BANNER'S HOME-
NEARBY HULK
WILL BE SAME
THERE

BANNER NOT HERE
NOBODY HERE
GOOD HULK WILL
REST!
ALAS THE HULK HAS
DIFFICULTY REMEMBERING
THAT HE AND BRUCE
BANNER ARE ONE AND
THE SAME

SLOWLY HE SINKS HIS MASSIVE
FRAME ONTO THE COUCH AS HIS
HEAVY EYE DE CLOSE FOR THE
BEST TIME IN HOURS

AND AS HE BEGINS TO SLEEP
HIS HEARTBEAT SLOWS DOWN.
HIS BLOOD PRESSURE RETURNS
TO NORMAL AND

ONCE AGAIN THE INCREDIBLE
CHEMICAL REACTION OF HIS BODY
BEGINS TO CEASE UNTIL AT LAST
IN PLACE OF THE HULK, WE FIND
IT'S HIM! IT'S BRUCE BANNER!

WAKE UP!
YOU'RE UNDER
ARREST!
GENERAL
ROSS! BUT
WHERE -
HOW ??
OH BRUCE! YOU'RE
BACK! I KNEW
YOU'D COME BACK
MP
1

THEY THINK
YOU
DESERTED...
NEVER CAME TO
THE OTHER SIDE
FROM YOU
DIDN'T BRUCE
YOU HAVE TO
PROVE IT!
I FM AFRAID
I CAN'T!
YOU WON'T
ESCAPE US
AGAIN,
BANNER!
THAT WAS
ONCE!

DAYS LATER HAVING BEEN RESCUED IN THE ORIENT BY THE AIR FORCE MAJOR GLEN TALBOT IS GRANTED A SPECIAL AUDIENCE IN WASHINGTON D C

I TELL YOU, SIR, BANNER COULDN'T HAVE ESCAPED WITHOUT THE HULK'S HELP! I KNOW THAT THEY'RE IN LEAGUE - JUST AS I KNOW THAT HE WAS TO BE A SPY!

LET'S NOT JUMP TO CONCLUSIONS MAJOR LET US REASON TOGETHER

ONLY THE BOY NAMED RICK JONES AND I KNOW THE SECRET OF THE HULK! I MUST NOT BETRAY THAT SECRET - BUT I CAN ALLOW NO HARM TO COME TO BANNER!

BANNER IS BEING HELD PRISONER AT THE MISSILE BASE NOW SIR BUT THE HULK MAY RESCUE HIM AT ANY MINUTE

EXCUSE ME MAJOR

RING RING

IT IS I SEE THANK YOU!

MAJOR THE ABSORBATRON IS AGAIN READY FOR TESTING ON ASTRA ISLE YOU AND DR BANNER WILL CONDUCT THE TEST

BUT SIR

THAT'S ALL MAJOR! GOOD DAY

BUT ALTHOUGH NONE SUSPECT IT AT THE MOMENT THERE WILL BE OTHERS ON ASTRA ISLE FOR THE FATEFUL TEST

EVERYTHING IS READY! I SHALL LEAVE AT ONCE!

I'LL SPRAY MY MICROSCOPIC SIZED HUMANOIDS OVER THE ISLE IN SECONDS! THERE IS NO ONE TO STOP ME! THE ISLE IS DESERTED!

HERE COMES THE TASK FORCE NOW! I'M JUST IN TIME!

BUT BY THE TIME THEY'VE LANDED I'LL HAVE SOWN MY SEEDS OF DESTRUCTION AND BE SAFELY OUT OF THEIR REACH!

THERE! IT'S DONE!

ALL THAT REMAINS FOR ME IS TO HOVER ABOVE AND SEND OUT THE SIGNAL WHICH WILL CAUSE THE HUMANOIDS TO GROW TO NORMAL SIZE! THEN THE ABSORBATRON WILL BE MINE!

MEANWHILE IN A MILITARY COMPOUND IN THE GREAT SOUTHWEST...

DOC EVEN THOUGH I KNOW ABOUT YOUR OTHER IDENTITY, THAT STILL DOESN'T MEAN THE MAJOR IS WRONG!

ARMY HOLDS BRUCE BANNER AS HOSTILE AGENT--

MAJOR TALBOT CLAIMS PROOF THAT BANNER IS A SPY

HOW CAN ANYONE BE SURE YOU'RE NOT REALLY A SPY!?

RICK DID YOU LEAVE THE AVENGERS AND TRAVEL ALL THIS DISTANCE JUST TO TELL ME THAT YOU'RE BEGINNING TO DOUBT MY LOYALTY, TOO??

GOSH NO, DOC IT'S JUST THAT MAJOR TALBOT SEEMS SO SURE-- AND NOBODY EVER DOES KNOW WHERE YOU DISAPPEAR TO ALL THE TIME!

WELL, WELL, BANNER! I SEE YOU HAVE A VISITOR!

GLEN TALBOT!

HI, MAJOR!

YOU SEE! I ESCAPED FROM THAT FALL IN TIBET-- EVEN THOUGH YOU LEFT ME FOR DEAD!

YOU SAY THAT AS THOUGH YOU THINK I TRIED TO KILL YOU! YOU FOOL, CAN'T YOU SEE I'M NOT A KILLER-- NOT A SPY!

EASY, DOC! DON'T GET YOURSELF EXCITED!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

IT'S OKAY, GUARD! HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

I DIDJA FORGET? WHEN I YOU GET EXCITED, YOU TURN INTO--HIM!

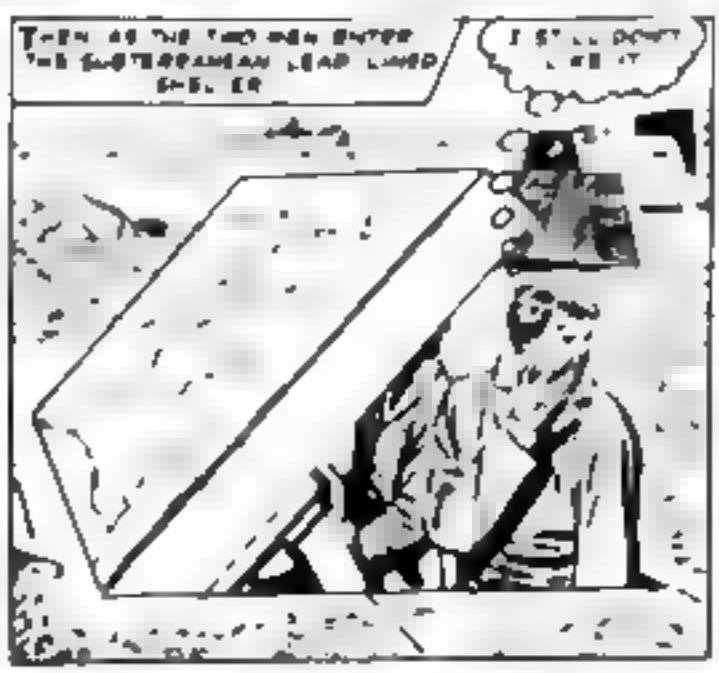
WHY MUST I BE HOUNDED BY THOSE I TRY TO HELP!?

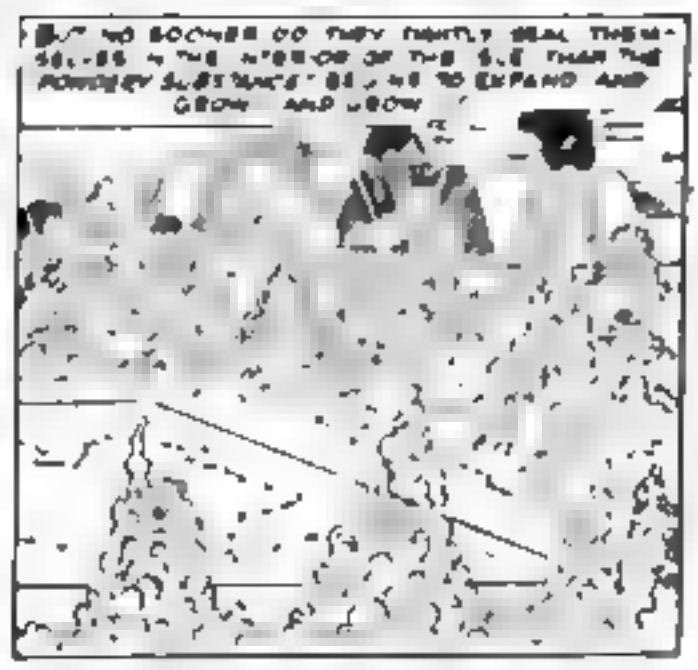
ON YOUR FEET BANNER I'M HERE TO ARREST YOU

PRETTY SMART OF YOU WASN'T IT BANNER

AND SO
THE S AND HAS BEEN CLEARED BANNER IT'LL JUST BE YOU AND ME AND THE ABSORBATRON!

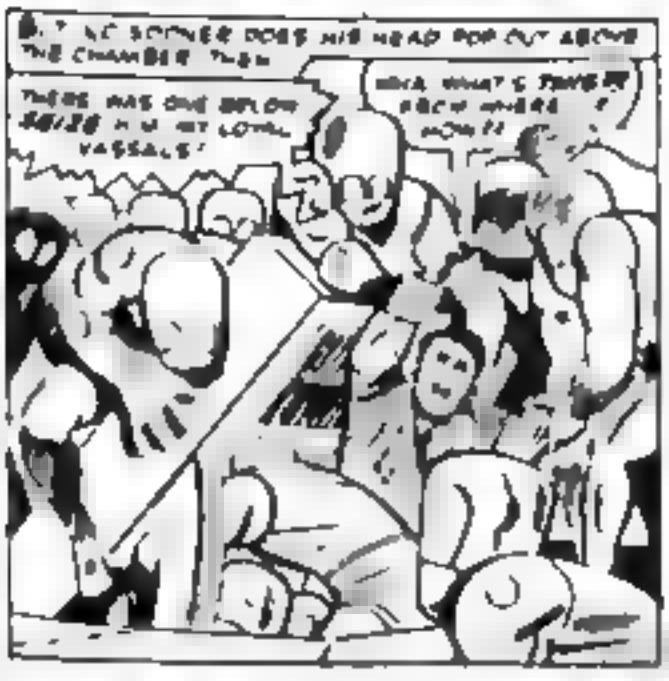
DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS HUSTER I'M JUST LOOKING FOR A CHANCE TO SLAP YOU BACK IN THAT CELL


I STILL DON'T LIKE IT



GO, MY LIFELESS SLAVES! BE TO THE ABSORBATRON BEFORE ANY TROOPS CAN BE LANDED ON THE SLE
GO!

MAJOR! WHAT'S ALL THAT COMMOTION UP THERE? IT SOUNDS LIKE A RIOT!
IMPOSSIBLE! THE ISLAND IS COMPLETELY DESERTED! AND ONE COULD HAVE LANDED SO QUICKLY. I'LL GO UP AND SEE -!
NOW STAY WHERE YOU ARE BANNER! I DON'T AIM TO LOSE YOU AGAIN!


BUT NO SOONER DOES HIS HEAD POP OUT ABOVE THE CHAMBER THAN
THERE WAS ONE BELOW SEIZE HIM HIS LOYAL VASSALS!
WHA- WHAT'S THAT? FROM WHERE?
HOW!!

WHOEVER YOU ARE WHATEVER YOU ARE YOU WON'T GET THE ABSORBATRON!

WELL DONE MY MINDLESS ONES BUT NOW, SEARCH EVERYWHERE! THERE MAY BE MORE OF HIM

IT'S DR BANNER, THE INVENTOR. CAPTURE HIM OR DESTROY HIM! BUT, HE MUSTN'T GET AWAY!

HUMANOIDS ATTACKING ME

ONLY A FEW ARE BOTHERING WITH ME! THE OTHERS ARE RUSHING FOR THE ABSORBATRON!! I CAN'T LET THEM GET TO IT

AND, AS HE STRUGGLES BANNER'S PULSE RATE CHANGES AGAIN!

FASTER AND FASTER GOES HIS HEARTBEAT, HIGHER AND HIGHER GOES HIS BLOOD PRESSURE--

UNTIL--!

NOBODY ATTACKS HULK!!

WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK! I'VE BEEN WAITING TO FIND THE ONLY OTHER GREEN-SKINNED HUMAN ON EARTH SO WE COULD BECOME ALLIES!

THE TWO NEAREST HIM, RELEASE YOUR GAS VAPOURS! THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT!

NOT BEING TRULY HUMAN THE GAS HAS NO EFFECT ON THE STRUGGLING HUMANOIDS BUT AS THE HULK INHALES GREAT QUANTITIES OF IT TO FEED HIS MIGHTY LUNGS

GETTING TIRED? TIRED OF FIGHTING? I WANT TO SLEEP!

...SLEEP...!

I'VE SUCCEEDED BEYOND MY WILDEST HOPES! MY HUMANOIDS HAVE SUCCEEDED IN DELIVERING THE ABSORBATRON TO ME! AND AT LAST THE HULK'S MINE, TOO!

WITH THOSE TRIUMPHANT WORDS THE LEADER HEADS BACK TO ASGARD WHERE ONE OF THE MOST WORLD SHAKING ADVENTURES OF ALL IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE! AND WE'LL THRILL TO IT TOGETHER NEXT ISSUE! 'NUFF SAID!

MEET...

Mister Knowall

He knows everything there is to know about everything — and he's here to show you what a load of laughs it is to be a Knowall, too!

TELL TALE TAPS

LAY a threepenny piece on the table and place six other threepenny pieces round it. They will completely surround the centre coin.

But now, how can you surround it completely using only FOUR threepenny pieces?

ANSWER. Stand the four coins on their edges.

First of all make eight discs and write on each disc one of the following numbers:

4, 7, 10, 12, 16, 18, 22, 29

Place the discs in any order on the table and ask one of your friends to choose any one of the numbers but not to tell you which one it is.

Now take a pencil and tap the discs one at a time and apparently at random. As you tap the person who thought of a number is to pencil himself one letter for each tap and to stop you when he reaches the last letter. He will then be amazed to find that your pencil points to the number he thought of. The trick is worked this way. Make your first TWO taps on any discs but after that for every tap the numbers in this order:

10, 4, 7, 12, 16, 18, 22, 29

Thanks to NOEL PONCELOT of MORDEN, SURREY, for this one. It works every time.

SIT at the table and turn a glass upside down on it. Cover the glass with a sheet of newspaper pressing the paper all round the glass until it roughly takes the shape of the glass. Be careful though not to let the paper split too badly.

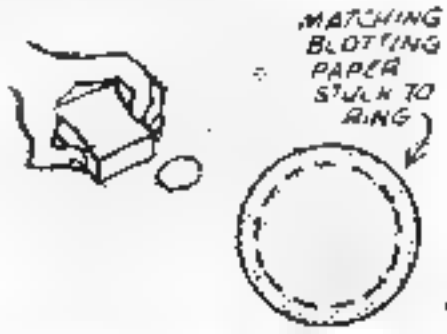
Move the paper with the glass hidden beneath it around the table until you can secretly let the glass fall into your lap.

Now slam your hand down on the paper, to flatten it.

Heh! Heh! Look at your audience—you've sure got them puzzled. But they'll be even more agog when you lift the crushed paper to reveal the glass, still intact!

How did you do it? Well you simply held the sheet of paper towards your audience when you lifted it up. In this way you concealed your action of replacing the glass which had earlier fallen onto your lap.

VANISHING SIXPENCE



Place a matching piece of blotting paper alongside it. Now put the two pieces of paper on the table, ring uppermost, and press the sides gently together. Pick up the ring and put the tray containing the ring gently over the sixpence.

Ask one boy to hold the tray AND THE SIXPENCE HAS DISAPPEARED!

The simple secret is that glued to the underside of the ring is a piece of matching blotting paper. The sixpence sticks to it.

This trick can be played by a single boy if he moves the sixpence covertly when the tray is placed over the coin.

If Shakespeare were alive today why would he be the most amazing man in the world?

Because he'd be over three hundred years old!

Match-trick

Can you turn these four squares of matches into 11 by 11 squares by moving four matches only? Try before you look at the answer below.

For your next party trick why not try this one on your friends with the Knowall hypnotic effect.

Place a sheet of newspaper on the table before the victim and ask him to scrunch it up into a small ball.

Hold it up and tell him to throw it hard at the wall. When he does so, you will be standing behind him and as he throws the ball you quickly whip off one of his shoes and throw it after the ball.

Roars of laughter, gasps and cries of surprise from the onlookers will say "Consider it done!"

Don't worry whichever one he chooses you can be wrong. Because previously you have put all the pairs of shoes in one pile of four cards and the other pile consists of eight cards.

'CATCH' QUESTION

How can you make a ball come back to you after you've thrown it without it hitting and rebounding off anything?

Answer: Throw it straight up into the air! **It's surprising how many of your mates you'll baffle with this one — even if you give them a ball to try with.**

ADJUSTABLE SEED DRILL

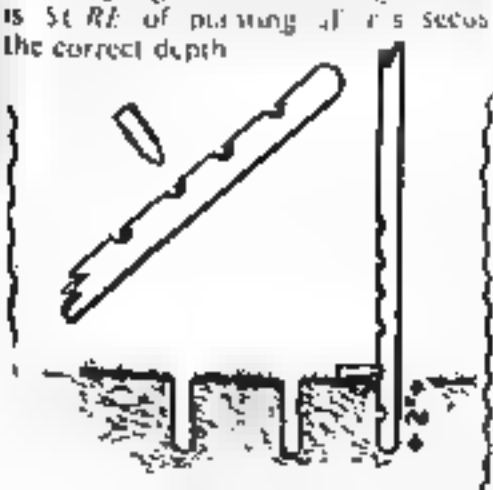
Make this secret and present to how many friends about to make the Spring planting. You'll be a friend for life.

All you need is a length of broom stick about 2 ft. long.

Bind one end and make a hole one inch bore half a dozen inches along the length of the other end exactly one inch apart.

Whittle a pointed peg to fit each hole into the holes and there it.

When the peg is inserted in any of the holes it gives an accurate indication of the depth the drill will make when pressed into the ground. With a gadget like this, the gardener is SURE of putting all his seeds the correct depth.



TIGHT SQUEEZE!

Make a small hole in a sheet of paper. Ask your mates if they can push a bottle through the hole.

You'll get a good giggle out of some of their attempts before you show 'em how it's done.

How IS it done? — *simply poke your finger through the hole and push.*

.. AND TALKING OF GARDENING —

CARTOON FROM— L. BIGGS, PENDLEBURY

£1 for Knowalls

Perhaps you know a trick or something that's fun to make or do. If so, send it on a postcard to Mr. Knowall at the address below. If it's printed, you win £1. But, remember, it must be your own idea and not copied from somewhere else.

My favourite feature in SMASH is,

The Feature I don't like is;

My age is

To: Mr. Knowall, SMASH,

64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Answer to Match-trick

Take away the four matches marked 'X' and make them into a single square.

Charlie's Choice

THE TV SET WITH A DIFFERENCE...

HUH! - JUST A BORING OL' PLAY ON THE TELLY — ALL ABOUT THAT ROMAN GEEZER, JULIUS CAESAR!
INSOLENT BRITON! YOU SHALL BE PUNISHED FOR SPEAKING OF YOUR EMPEROR LIKE THAT!
WAP!
HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO SAY BEFORE YOU DIE BARBARIAN? OW
ER - HOW ABOUT MERCY, SIR? GULP
GREAT BLONDE BOADICEAS! SO THAT'S WHERE ANTHONY IS HIDING — THE ROGUE WHO STOLE MY WENCH!
WOW WING!
ANTHONY & CLEOPATRA
UNHAND MY WOMAN, YOU TRAITOR
NOW SHOWING: ANTHONY
PHEW! I THOUGHT I'D HAD MY LOT THERE!
PREPARE TO DIE, YOU DOG!
W-WHAT?! I'M ONLY— HELP!!
HELP! HELP! IT'S A MADMAN! CALL HIM OFF!
NOW
OH, NO! HE'S AFTER THAT POOR ACTOR!
OMITRA
STOP, YOU SILLY OLD GOAT, BEFORE YOU'RE ARRESTED FOR RUNNING ROUND IN YOUR NIGHTIE!
GUPH!
OH, NO! THAT'S TORN IT!
RIP!
TCH! TCH! THIS NIGHT - SHIRT IS FILTHY!!
ALLOW ME TO DEMONSTRATE THE WHIZZO WASHING MACHINE! IT'S A STAINLESS STEAL AT FORTY GUINEAS!
HUH!- NOW IT'S THE COMMERCIALS!
OH, DEAR! SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG!

ERK! THE BIG TWERP CAESAR'S TOGA'S COME FLYING OUT!

CRUNCH!

I'LL GET YOU YET!

ZOO

EEK!

DEATH IS AT HAND! PINCH MY CHICK, WOULD YOU?

THIS NEVER HAPPENED TO SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER!

OOF! AN ATTACK FROM THE REAR!

SPLAT!

PHEW! - SAVED BY A SOGGY TOGA!

JOCELYN! JOCELYN! THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE SAFE!

I WAS SO AFRAID, DARLING!

HELP! WATCH THE SWORD!

EEK!

OH, NO! — WHAT'S HAPPENED NOW—?

AAGH! — I'VE BEEN BITTEN!

SNAKE PIT

GANGWAY! EMERGENCY!

JUST LIKE IN THE HISTORY BOOK CLEOPATRA GOT BITTEN BY AN ASP!

AND IF OLD BRUTUS DOESN'T GET HIM FIRST, IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME IF CAESAR DIES OF A BAD COLD!

BRRR! ME TOGA'S S-S-SOAKING!

MEET THE BOY WHO DOESN'T KNOW HIS OWN STRENGTH...

TUFFY McGREW

THIS IS THE DAY I DO ALL MY GOOD DEEDS

LIKE HELPING OLD LADIES ACROSS THE ROAD!

ERK!

AND SWEEPING PATHS

COO! WHERE DID ALL THE PAVING STONES GO?

DOER! I MUST'VE SWEPT TOO HARD - I'VE BRUSHED THEM ALL ON TO SOMEONE!

AGH! HELP! GET THEM OFF YOU IDIOT!

SOME PEOPLE ARE NEVER SATISFIED!

COO! NOW LOOK WHAT TUFFY'S UP TO

CRASH!

AGH! HELP!

OVER YOU GO, DOGGY!

LATER

CRASH!

THERE! THAT'S THAT OLD HOUSE KNOCKED DOWN FOR YOU!

WELL! THAT SAVED US TWO HUNDRED QUIDS WORTH OF DYNAMITE!

AND EVEN LATER

RUN OUT OF PETROL, SIR? SOON HAVE YOU AT THE GARAGE!

COO! THANKS, SONNY!

FOUR GALLONS, PLEASE!

ZOOM

ZOOM

SPLAT!

I FORGOT TO TELL HIM I WAS STILL HOLDING THE CAR UP!

BADEN POWELL NEVER HAD THIS TROUBLE!

I'M GOING TO DO THE WHOLE TOWN A GOOD DEED NOW

I'M GOING TO STAY AT HOME!

THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.

THE MAN FROM BUNGLE HAS FOUND THE SOURCE OF SPUDS FROM WHICH DOCTOR GOOLE IS MAKING HIS EXPLODING FISSION CHIPS BUT THE CLOT GOT CLOBBERED BY A BIG IRISHMAN WHO POPPED OUT OF A SHAM-ROCK!

PILE HIM ON TOP OF THE SPUDS, ME BUCKO, AN' WE'LL TAKE HIM TO DR O'GOOLE!

THAT I WILL, PADDY! BUSH NOW WE!

BLARNEY STONE

BUBBLE! GURGLE!

GOOLE'S GAFF →

I'LL TAKE YOU HOME, KATHLEEN~

WELL, WELL, WHAT HAVE WE HERE?—I DO BELIEVE IT'S THE MAN FROM B.U.N.G.L.E.!

TOSS HIM IN THE DUNGEON!

THAT I WILL, DOCTOR!

THIS WILL BE THE END OF THE LITTLE TWERP. I'LL GIVE HIM HIS LAST SUPPER — FISSION CHIPS!

GOO! ALL I DO ROUND HERE IS PEEL SPUDS! — GOOLE HAS ALL THE FUN!

WHEN HE DIGS HIS FORK IN THEM — OFF THEY GO — BOOM!!

HEY—!? WHERE'S HE GONE—?

COOEE! HERE I AM, DOC!

SNATCH!

NOW I'VE MOVE FROM YOU AND I'LL STICK IN MY FORK AND BLOW US BOTH UP!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT — THERE ARE GUARDS EVERYWHERE!

EEK!!

MUG!

JAB!

HOP!

DASH!

TA-TAR!— I'M FORKING OUT ON MY OWN!

CRASH!

WAAH! GET ME DOWN!

LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT A HEAD START! TEE! HEE!

HAVE LOCATED DOCTOR GOOLE AND THE SPUDS, BOSS — WILL NOW TAKE STEPS TO DISPOSE OF THEM!

WHAT KIND OF STEPS—?

BALIN THE BRAVER KEEPS THE BEASTIES OVER AND OUT

BEGOOOHH! AH' HIS LITTLE LEGGIES ARE GOIN LIKE THE VERY WIND

HELP! THE LITTLE PEOPLE I'M HAVING!

SCREEN OF SMOKE

NOW I KNOW HOW OL' OLLY YEW MUST HAVE FELT —

WELL DONE, MY LITTLE FRIENDS!

I'LL MAKE SUCH OF HIM THAT TIME AND I'LL ONLY TAKE A MINUTE OR TWO HEH HEH

YES, A THE MINUTE HAND MOVES ROUND IT WILL BE ON THE FORK N' AT THE CHIP THEN BOOM! NO MORE MAN FROM BUNGLE

PLEASANT DREAMS, MY SNEAKY FRIEND!

ROTTER! FIEND!! LET ME GO!

I RECKON I'VE BUNGLED FOR THE LAST TIME IN ABOUT FIVE SECONDS I'LL HAVE HAD MY CHIPS!

TICK! TOCK! TICK! TOCK!

TUT! TUT! SLIDE NOW AND THAT CLOCK IS RUNNIN' FAST, DO IT IS!

TICK! TICK! TOCK! TOCK!

I CANT ABIDE FAST CLOCKS, THAT I CAN'T!

WHAT A LITTLE TWIT! THAT GIVES ME ANOTHER FIFTEEN MINUTES TO GET OUT OF THIS IF I CAN!

CAN BUNGLE DO IT? DON'T MISS NEXT WEEK'S HIGH STEW A DO!

news from the floor of 64

64, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

WE'RE SORRY! We're sorry because so many of you favourite people of ours were disappointed after trying in vain to buy a copy of either Fantastic No. 1 or No. 2. We printed half as many MORE than anybody but us thought could be bought, but even so you discerning disciples snapped them up so fast that they couldn't have disappeared from the shops any quicker if we'd been giving 'em away! It was nothing less than Fantastic! And if a sell-out like that doesn't prove that the Age of Power is now firmly upon us then we'll wait for some other sign—like a flaming comet in the night sky, an eclipse of the sun, or something similar!

These should be happy days for HULK-lovers—because, true to the promise we made in the distant past of two or three weeks back, our Green-Skinned star of SMASH is now embarked in a staggering series of lone wolf extra-'X' experiences that set a new high in almost everything but folk-singing! If you haven't yet had a nerve shattering meeting with the Hulk you get some idea of what he's like when we tell you that the artist demands danger money just for drawing pictures of him!

MEET TWENTY PROUD POWER-PACK PEOPLE . . .

Raymond Potts, Sunderland, Co Durham, Thomas Ashford, Birmingham, 4 Linda Perham, Bristol, 4, Stewart Denton, Sheffield, 6. Andrew Wilson, Keighley, Yorks, Ian Downs, Glossop, Derbys; Gordon Collins, Nr Prescot, Lancs, Tony Gurling, London, E 14, G. Colsey, Worcs; Michael Taylor, Nr Wigan, B Halliwell, Wigan, B Neal, Keynsham, Somerset; M Davey, Sevenoaks, Kent, Anthony Clarke, Bristol, Stephen Bartley, Newton-le-Willows, Jeffrey Dolton, London, E 4 Keith Vincent, Walsall, Staffs; Michael Cope, Salisbury, Wilts, Drew Young, Midlothian, Scotland, Edward Mann, Inverness, Scotland

This is it for this week, because we've got packing to do. For tomorrow we fly to New York City to pay a call on Smiling Stan Lee, Jolly Jack Kirby, Merry Marty Goodman and all the other characters who live out there in Marvelsville. Next week we'll be telling you what kind of a trip we had.

WANT SOME GUM, CHUM?

Well, we know just the place to get it. And what's more, it's FREE!

Just get a copy of the mag with the mostest, the paper with punch, the comic with class, the publication with power . . .

FANTASTIC

NO 3 IS ON SALE *NOW!*

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS

THE LEGEND TESTERS

OUR LUCK HAS FINALLY RUN OUT, DANNY! WE CAN'T SURVIVE A NUCLEAR EXPLOSION!

ROLLO STONES AND DANNY CHARTERS ARE BACK IN THE TIME OF KING ARTHUR.

AND THE NUCLEAR BOMB, CREATED BY THE EVIL BLACK SHIELD WITH THE AID OF THE MAGIC ORB OF MERLIN HAS JUST EXPLODED!

IS SHATTERED INTO FRAGMENTS BY THE NUCLEAR DISTURBANCE

AND WHEN IT IS NOW CALM AND ONLY A SMALL GLOW FROM THE SHATTERED ORB THE SCENE AROUND THEM FADES AND DISSOLVES!

WE'RE SAVED, DANNY! THE AUTHENTICITY OF THIS FRAGMENT OF CRYSTAL WHICH I NOW HOLD, HAS BEEN PROVED

OUR MISSION HAS BEEN COMPLETED —AND WE ARE NOW BEING CARRIED BACK TO OUR OWN TIME!

WITH INCREDIBLE — UNBELIEVABLE! — SPEED THEY RACE FORWARD THROUGH THE CENTURIES

1950 A.D.

2500 A.D.

3000 A.D.

3500 A.D.

3900 A.D.

—BACK TO THE FORTIETH CENTURY AND THEIR OWN TIME!

AND THEY LEAVE BEHIND THEM A COUNTRY COMPLETELY DEAD AND DEVASTATED! THUS SHALL WE LEARN OF A KING ARTHUR AND HIS NOBLE KNIGHTS IS KNOWN TO US AS LEGEND AND NOT HISTORY! FOR ALL EVIDENCE OF HIS VERY EXISTENCE WAS DESTROYED IN THE FURY OF THAT NUCLEAR EXPLOSION — THE FIRST THAT THE WORLD HAD EVER KNOWN.

BUT LET US NOT LINGER UPON SUCH A SCENE LET US REJOIN ROLLO AND DANNY AS THEY REACH THE ENDS AND THEY REACH THE CENTRAL ANTECHAMBER OF THE MUSEUM OF THE FORTIETH CENTURY

ROLLO! DO YOU REALISE HOW CLOSE WE WERE TO— TO—?

LET'S NOT THINK ABOUT IT, DANNY! BECAUSE IF WE DO, IT COULD SCARE US SO STIFF THAT WE'D HAVE TO GIVE UP DOING THIS WORK!

THEY REPORT TO THE OFFICE OF THE CHIEF CONTROLLER OF THE MUSEUM

IT'S GENUINE ALL RIGHT! WE'LL GIVE YOU THE DETAILS TOMORROW! BUT RIGHT NOW WE'RE GOING TO GET US SOME WELL-EARNED SLEEP!

WITHIN A WEEK, THE AFFAIR OF THE MAGIC ORB OF MERLIN IS ALMOST FORGOTTEN, AS ROLLO AND DANNY TAKE UP THEIR NORMAL ROUTINE—DAILY WORKOUTS IN THE GYM...

PUT ANOTHER TEN POUNDS ON THAT BAR, DANNY. I DON'T THINK YOU'RE REALLY TRYING!

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?—TURN ME INTO A HUMAN CRANE?

IN A JOB LIKE OURS, STRENGTH, AGILITY AND GENERAL FITNESS CAN MEAN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BEING KILLED AND SURVIVING! THAT'S WHY WE'RE DOING A DOZEN LAPS ROUND THE TRACK AFTER WE'VE FINISHED HERE!

—SPECIAL SESSIONS IN THE CONCENTRATED KNOWLEDGE CLASSROOMS...

JUST THINK. CENTURIES AGO PEOPLE USED TO LEARN ALMOST ENTIRELY FROM BOOKS! MUST HAVE TAKEN THEM MONTHS TO LEARN ONE NEW LANGUAGE!

BUT BY FEEDING KNOWLEDGE STRAIGHT INTO THE BRAIN FROM THE KNOWLEDGE TRANSMITTER WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO ACQUIRE FIFTY NEW LANGUAGES IN JUST ONE MORNING!

THAT'LL DO FOR TODAY! YOU'RE BOTH NOW FLUENT IN ALL LANGUAGES USED BETWEEN THE TENTH AND FOURTEENTH CENTURIES! TOMORROW WE'LL START WORK ON DIALECTS COMMONLY ENCOUNTERED FROM THE FIFTEENTH TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY!

BROTHER! BY THE TIME YOU'VE FINISHED WITH US, WE'LL HAVE NO EXCUSE FOR HAVING NOTHING TO SAY, EVER!

THE DAILY ROUTINE OF WORK AND TRAINING CONTINUES...UNTIL ROLLO AND DANNY ARE REQUESTED TO REPORT TO CHIEF CONTROLLER MARCSON'S OFFICE...

I HOPE YOU'RE GOING TO TELL US YOU'VE GOT A NEW ASSIGNMENT FOR US, CHIEF! WE'RE GETTING TIRED OF THE INACTIVITY!

INACTIVITY! WHAT A SENSE OF HUMOUR!

NEVER MIND THE COMEDY ACT! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!

WHEW! IT'S SOLID GOLD! LOOKS AS IF IT COULD HAVE BEEN PART OF THE ARM OF A BIG CHAIR—OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT!

AND THERE'S AN INSCRIPTION ON IT!

TRANSLATED, THAT INSCRIPTION READS: HERE SITS THE KING OF THE BEASTS.

AND WHO—OR WHAT—WAS THE KING OF THE BEASTS?

WE DON'T KNOW—BUT **YOU'RE** GOING TO FIND OUT FOR US!

THE NEXT DAY, ROLLO AND DANNY STEP INTO THE MUSEUM'S MOST PRIZED PIECE OF EQUIPMENT—THE TIME CHAMBER!

GOOD LUCK!

THANKS—BUT I HOPE WE DON'T NEED IT!

THE MASTER SWITCH IS CLICKED DOWN...

AND INSIDE THE CHAMBER, ROLLO AND DANNY START TO RACE BACK THROUGH THE CENTURIES...

100 A.D.

1061 A.D.

1495 A.D.

2950

THEN A NEW SCENE FORMS BEFORE THEM...

WELL, I DON'T KNOW WHERE WE ARE—BUT IT'S NOT EXACTLY CROWDED WITH PEOPLE!

AND THEN—INCREDIBLY—THEY HEAR A VOICE...

WHERE ARE YOU FROM, STRANGERS? AND WHY HAVE YOU COME HERE?

SOMEONE IS SPEAKING TO US—IN AN ANCIENT AZTEC LANGUAGE!

I HEARD IT TOO! BUT IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! **WE'RE ALL ALONE HERE!**

THE DEATHLY SILENCE IS BROKEN WITH A HEART-JOLTING SUDDENNESS THAT IS ONLY THE PRELUDE TO THE PERILS THAT AWAIT THE LEGEND TESTERS **NEXT WEEK!**

THE NERVS

WHERE'S HE PUT IT ALL? THAT'S THE THIRD BOTTLE OF FIZZ IN HALF AN HOUR—IT'LL BE GOING TO HIS HEAD!

AUNTIE MABEL'S DAFT—IT'S GOING TO MY **TUM!** WHERE ELSE COULD IT GO?

INSIDE FATTY'S THROAT...

DEPT

BEWARE OF RAPIDS

WHOOSH!

FATTY'S RIGHT—AND THERE SHE GOES—DOWN TO FATTY'S TUM!

IN FATTY'S TUM...

LIQUID TUBE

GRRR! THAT FAT TWERP'S AT THE POP AGAIN!

Pop!

BUBBLES! BUBBLES! NOTHING BUT **BUBBLES!**

GURGLE!

COO! I LOVE A BUBBLE BATH!

HUH! IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR THOSE TWERPS, BUT I WORK FOR THE B.B.C.—THE BELLY BUBBLE COUNTERS—AND I'VE GOT TO COUNT EVERY SINGLE BUBBLE!

LEMONADE

—AND I'M HOPELESS AT COUNTING—I HAVE TO USE MY FINGERS...

STOMACH

...AND MY TOES—TWELVE, THIRTEEN—ERK! I'M SLIPPING!

SPLOSH!

AAGH!

G-GULP! I'VE BEEN BUBBLED!

HELP! HELP! STOP ME, YOU TWERPS!

HELP YOURSELF! WE'VE GOT ENOUGH WORK ON OUR HANDS POPPING ALL THESE BUBBLES!

COO! TERRY TUM NERV'S GONE ONE BETTER THAN MY BUBBLE CAR! HE'S GOT A **FLYING BUBBLE!**

CHUG!

A6

PHEW! I'M COMING IN TO LAND AT LAST!

MEANWHILE, IN THE LUNG DEPARTMENT...

GOSH! WE'RE BUILDING UP TOO MUCH WIND—IT'S ALL THAT LEMONADE THAT FATTY'S DRINKING!

YEAH! WE'D BETTER RELEASE SOME!

LUNG UP!

AAGH! NO! I'M GOING UP AGAIN!

LUNG UP!

STAND CLEAR!

EXHAUST VALVE

WHOOSH!

HOWEVER, AS TERRY TUM NERV APPROACHES FATTY'S HEAD, THE EVER ALERT **DOME GUARD** SPOT HIM...

ACTION STATIONS! UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECT APPROACHING!

JOINT UNITED SPOTTING SCOPE

DOME GUARD

CONTACT BRAIN DEPARTMENT AND ASK THEM WHAT WE SHOULD DO!

AND IN THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT...

MUST I TELL YOU EVERYTHING? **SHOOT IT DOWN!**

BRAIN DEPT

THE DOME GUARDS OPEN FIRE...

PUF!

BOOM!

NNEEEEEEEE

AAGH! STOP IT, YOU CLOTS! IT'S ME! **I'M ONE OF YOU!**

BRAIN ZONE

BANG!

HELP! I'VE BEEN HIT!

WHEEEEEEE!

AAAAGH! I'M DONE FOR!

BRAIN ZONE

SPLAT!

G-GULP! IT'S TERRY TUM NERV!

IT WASN'T OUR FAULT! BARRY BRAIN NERV TOLD US TO SHOOT YOU DOWN!

GRRR! THAT TWERP, WAS IT? GRR! GRRR!

BRAIN ZONE

IN THE BRAIN DEPARTMENT...

GRRR! WHERE IS HE?

BRAIN DEPT

EEK! IT'S TERRY! WHAT DOES **HE** WANT?

ON GUARD, YOU ROTTEN LITTLE BRAIN NERV!

AKE!

GRRR! SHOOT ME DOWN, WOULD YOU? SNARL! SNARL!

WHACK!

HELP! AAAGH! OOH!

BASH!

Bop!

G-GOSH! MY HEAD FEELS ALL FUNNY! IT'S FIZZING!

TOLD YOU THAT POP WOULD GO TO IT!

AND BACK IN FATTY'S HEAD...

MOAN! GROAN!

BRAIN DEPT

I FEEL MUCH BETTER NOW — BUT I WAS FIZZING LIKE MAD IN THERE!

THE ROTTENEST CROOK IN THE WORLD
GRIMLY FEENDISH
HELLO, FOLKS! I'M GRIMLY FEENDISH!
AND HE'S HORRIBLE! UGH!!
GRIMLY PLOT BOOK
PLAN
HOORAY! I'VE GOT A SUPER PLAN! I'M GOING TO HAVE A GO AT ANOTHER TRAIN ROBBERY!
HUH! I BET IT DOESN'T WORK!
LATER...
HURRY, LADS! IT'S NOW TWENTY PAST THREE! THE THREE-FIVE IS DUE IN TEN MINUTES!
CLEVER, MR FEENDISH! WE'VE BRICKED UP THE ENTRANCE TO THE STATION TUNNEL!
CEMENT
HEH! HEH! BRILLIANT, MISTER FEENDISH! LOOKS JUST LIKE A BLACK TUNNEL! SNIGGER!
PRECISELY! IT CAN'T FAIL!
HERE IT COMES! THE THREE-FIVE — TWENTY FIVE MINUTES LATE — IT'S BANG ON TIME! SNIGGER!
KERASH!
B-BUT, MISTER GRIMLY, SIR...
SUCCESS AT LAST! A DREAM COME TRUE! OPEN UP THE MAIL VAN, LADS! SIGH!
OH, NO!
AT THE STATION...
GULP! NOTHING EVER GOES RIGHT FOR US!
AHA! SOME PEOPLE TRYING TO NIP OUT WITHOUT HANDING IN THEIR TICKETS!
COME BACK! HAND OVER YOUR TICKETS!
GULP! IT'S BILLY BEECHING! THE TOTTENHAM TERROR!
OUCH! OUCH! OOH! OOH! STOP IT!
PUNCH!
CALL HIM OFF! CALL HIM OFF!
COO! THAT'S THE TICKET, GRIMLY! DON'T LET HIM CATCH YOU!
YEAH! AND HE'S GETTING PUNCHED! SNIGGER!
MEANWHILE...
AW! ISN'T SHE SWEET?
RICE CRISPIES
RICE PUD
RIP
ER, EXCUSE ME, MADAM! GULP! GULP!
SECONDS LATER...
SPLUDGE!
AAGH! STOP IT! HE'S GETTING AWAY! GASP!
GRRR! YOU FIEND! IT'S ALL YOUR FAULT! YOU WERE CHASING THAT CLOT!
BACK HOME...
HEE! HEE! LOOK AT THE GREAT TRAIN ROBBER — THE ONLY TRAIN YOU GOT WAS A BRIDE'S TRAIN! SNIGGER!
GRRR! SHUT UP! SHUT UP!